

## THE TWO LEGACIES

By M. QUAD

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In the whole county of Broome there was not a more unassuming man than Peter Day. He was an old bachelor and worked in a grist mill in the village of Coburn. He was not an educated man, and he had no ambitions.

In the same village lived Miss Anna Green, old maid. She had the only millinery store in the place. She was also unassuming and uneducated. Neither had she any ambitions. She just wanted to be a milliner and dressmaker. How it came about that Peter Day and Anna Green became acquainted and engaged to be married was a matter that many people could not understand, but it was known that they intended to get married—some time.

One day two important letters reached the postoffice at Coburn. One was for Miss Green. It was from a lawyer in Indiana, who stated that her maiden sister, who had been living in that state, was dead and that she had left her all to Anna. That sister had not been heard from in ten years. The other letter was for Peter Day. It was also from a lawyer. An uncle of his in Vermont had died and left him all. The receipt of those two letters was to make a sudden and great change in two lives.

Peter Day had not had a holiday in thirteen years. He had been as steady as an old clock. He had scarcely read that letter, however, when he went to his boss to say:

"You can take your old mill and go to grass with it. I'm not going to be anybody's slave after this."

And Peter almost paralyzed the town by dressing up and loafing around and actually entering a saloon and calling for a beer.

Miss Green had always been very humble to her customers. She had felt it her duty to abuse herself. She would no more have dared to dun one of them for a bill a year old than to have put her hand in a lion's mouth. And now what a change! Within six hours after receiving that letter she was saying to Mrs. Adams:

"If you don't like that hat you needn't take it, and you'd better be paying something on that old bill or quit coming here."

When Peter Day went sparking his habit was to slip into the house as if he expected to be kicked out again. He didn't stand up or sit down or cross his feet or drop his hat without asking to be excused for the same. Those two letters had reached town of a Monday morning. Sunday evening came before Peter called on Anna. He had been thinking, and so had she, that there should be no slipping or sliding, but a bold gait and a bold front. He sat down without being asked to, and he held his position like a man in possession. Instead of saying that the long drought was killing the corn he opened with:

"See here, Anna, there's a cast in your left eye!"

"What—what on earth do you mean, sir?"

"And you've a hump to the middle of your nose?"

"Peter—Mr. Day!"

"And I don't like the color of your hair!"

"Sir! Sir!"

"And you don't know nuthin' about grammar, and you can't sing for shucks. I'm here to say our engagement is off!"

"I've been left a legacy," he explained. "I'm goin' to take my place up at the head."

"You got a legacy? And I want you to understand that I've got one too! I was waiting for you to call that I might tell you a few things. Peter Day, you are as ignorant as an ox. You can scarcely write your own name!"

"Miss Green, don't talk to me that way!"

"You are humpbacked, bowlegged and deaf in one ear."

"Miss Green—"

"You haven't enough ambition about you to throw a stone at a gander. Grammar! Why, you never even saw one. You can't speak five words without a blunder. I can't sing, eh? Well, what does it sound like when you try it? And the color of my hair don't please you. What's the color of that on your own head? And I've got a cast in my eye? Yes, I know, and I've got that eye on you. Why, I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man crier on the face of the earth."

"I don't ask you to."

"I'll marry a man as far above you as the eagle is above the crow. I'll be riding in my auto while you are slopping through the mud. Get out of my sight, sir!"

In each case the lawyers had been instructed to settle up things and render an account. It didn't take them long. Three weeks did the business. The "all" that had been left them amounted in the one case to \$17.45 and in the other to \$32.15. Quivered enough, those two letters also arrived on the same day. Peter Day sat on the tavern steps as he read his. He

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read it three times over and then went down to the millinery store, where he found a weeping woman. He walked right up to her and said:

"Anna, I'm an idiot."

"So'm I, Peter."

"I didn't mean what I said that evening."

"Nor I."

"Hang legacies and lawyers!"

"I'm willing."

"Then you set the day, and we'll be married within two weeks."

## "CROSSING THE BAR."

"It Came in a Moment," Said Tennyson of His Great Song.

Parallel to the thoughts on immortality and the hereafter as Dr. Lowry expressed them is Lord Alfred Tennyson's noble death song, "Crossing the Bar." One of the three greatest death songs ever written, it comes to us as a sublime prayer, a humble petition, a sacred belief of a great man.

It was while crossing the Solent with his son Hallam late one October's afternoon that the words came to the mind of the poet, who had just recovered from a siege of sickness. Reaching his home, he at once sat down and penned the lines. Showing the poem to his son, he declared, "It came in a moment." Three years after the birth of the lines Sir Alfred passed away, but the prayer he uttered on that memorable afternoon remains a fitting memorial not only to the English poet laureate, but to the memory of those who have gone before us and who helped to lay the foundation of our liberal faith and liberal education. In it are blended the unfaltering trust and belief of all humanity.

The last lone man on this terrestrial sphere will utter no grander words than he sets sail to seas unknown when those dropped as faith's anchor by the silent man of the yester age:

I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

—Songs Inspired by Sorrow," George Leon Varney, in National Magazine.

Pride of Race.

Many stories are told of the pride of these long descended country squires. They have held their own even with peers of ancient creation. A great friend of the Duke of Norfolk who died in 1815—Jockey of Norfolk—was an old squire who always maintained that his name Huddleston was a corruption of the Saxon Athelstan and consequently much more ancient than that of Howard. Like the duke, he was a great toper and at dinner one day rolled off his chair to the floor. The duke ordered a member of his family to raise him up. "Never," hiccuped the old man—"never shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddleston was lifted up by a junior member of the house of Howard." "Then, old friend," answered the genial duke, "as Howard is too drunk to lift him up he will lie down beside him," and he did.—Manchester Guardian.

Gold That Blackens.

Blackening of cuffs and shirt fronts by the rubbed off gold is a matter of much annoyance to jewelers when their customers come back, thinking they have bought brass. The skin on the neck as well as on the fingers is frequently discolored by fourteen carat, eighteen carat and some say, pure gold. An expert says that even in the case of pure gold this coloration of the skin is not due to any particular properties of the metal, but rather, is the result of chemical changes in the body or, rather, in the perspiration and natural oil of the skin.—Exchange.

## WOMAN'S BODY IN BATH TUB

Police Believe the Woman Was Murdered

IN LIME AS IN CRIPPLE CASE

Harry Schieb, Chauffeur, Arrested—His Wife Was a Glover From Massachusetts—Police Get Few Clues in Mystery.

New York, May 31.—After 18 hours' investigation, following the discovery of the body of Mrs. Henry Schieb in the bathtub of a vacant flat early yesterday morning, the police had at midnight last night, worked up but few clues. It was determined that the chemical with which Mrs. Schieb's body had been terribly burned was a strong solution of lime, and it is believed the woman had been dead several months, possibly since last Christmas when, so far as the police were able to learn, in a canvass of the tenants of the building, she was last seen alive.

Her husband, a chauffeur, who is under arrest in connection with the alleged murder, declares that his wife left him on the second of March and he had not seen or heard from her since until confronted with the body yesterday.

The body was found lying face down in the tub with one leg hanging over the edge. In the bottom of the tub was a solution, believed to be acid, which burned the hands of the policemen who lifted the body out. Dr. Brown of the Presbyterian hospital, who was called in soon after the body was discovered, said that it must have lain in the tub for many weeks. It was nude and not a particle of woman's clothing was found in the room.

Daniel Smith, the janitor and watchman in the building, found the body. He told the police that on Feb. 2, last, Schieb informed him that his wife had been summoned to Cleveland, O., on account of the illness of a relative. Schieb said that he would live elsewhere with friends during his wife's absence, but would not give up the apartment. The rent was payable weekly, and Schieb usually was very prompt in his payments, but one day about a month ago, according to Smith, he asked the janitor not to enter his apartment if he failed to come around on rent day.

"I may be a day or two late once in a while," Smith quotes the chauffeur as saying. "My job takes me out of town once in a while. Don't go into my rooms, though, and I'll come around and settle all right."

Schieb was taken down to police headquarters and questioned at length about his wife. He talked very freely. He said that his wife was 25 years old and an orphan. He thought she had some relatives but he was not sure who they were or where they lived. Her maiden name was Lillian Glover and she was reared in a convent at Holyoke, Mass. She was an ardent woman suffragist, he said, and had made several speeches on the subject.

Student Rioters Scored.

Time was when the students of colleges and universities were treated as mere boys. They were required to conform rigidly to restrictions as to hours and conduct, and in other ways to submit to a high degree of paternalism in college government.

The modern policy, particularly in the larger universities, is to treat students as men by putting them on their own good behavior. As we stated yesterday this tendency to cultivate the spirit of manliness among students has been materially aided by the atmosphere of true sportsmanship, which pervades most intercollegiate athletic fields at the present time.

The disposition to treat a rival team fairly, readiness to applaud a brilliant play even by a rival in a bitterly contested game, scorn to win by trickery or deception, regarding an honest defeat as more honorable and in every way to be preferred to a victory gained by questionable means—these are the gratifying evidences to be found on every hand that college sports have developed a spirit of manliness that is stronger to-day than ever before.

Strangely enough that spirit of manliness, which has become so marked in the field of college sports, has not yet fully taken possession of the student body as a whole in our colleges and universities. For example, it is difficult to satisfactorily explain why a many victory on the diamond like that of Saturday, which brought joy to every son and daughter of Vermont everywhere, should be followed by such a demonstration of lack of manliness as accompanied the celebration of that victory.

It is easy for every college man to realize that the character in question is a thoughtless and exuberant rather than vicious, but that consideration does not weigh out of college circles, and the public regards such acts as worthy of all the more condemnation because we expect an exhibition of the mob spirit from the ignorant and depraved alone and not from the educated.

That all this was realized by that portion of the students involved, who had thus brought discredit upon all their fellow students as well as the whole institution was evident from the attempts made to have the home papers not magnify the affair. But the harm had already been done. The Dartmouth students were here to see for themselves, and carry away accounts. The correspondents of metropolitan papers had already sent full reports abroad, and the outside world had already formed its latest impression of the students of the university of Vermont.

Now what is the thing to do to counteract the harm done? The main thing is for those concerned to realize that the whole student body suffers on account of their acts, and to take steps not only to undo the present harm, but to unite with the students as a whole to prevent future occurrences of this character. The main thing to do is for the students not to wait for any discipline from college or civil authorities, but to promptly hold a meeting and take steps which will

## SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."

—Mrs. DEBRA BETHA SIKESTON, Mo.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, irregularity, fibroid tumors, bearing down, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. Why don't you try it?

enable the upper classes to hand down to future classes stern sentiment against acts like those in question. That is the course which will demonstrate that the university of Vermont makes no mistake in treating its students like men and in expecting them to govern themselves accordingly.—Burlington Free Press.

ROOSEVELT AGAINST ARBITRATION

Attacks "False Apostles of Peace" in Memorial Day Address.

New York, May 31.—Theodore Roosevelt stood beside General Daniel W. Sickles, the only surviving division commander of the Civil war, at Grant's tomb yesterday afternoon and denounced false apostles of peace. He recalled the days of 1861 when, he said, the veterans he addressed defied the lie told in the name of peace; he voiced his faith in peace only as the handmaiden of justice and he stirred the gathering with cheers with the declaration that unrighteous peace was a greater evil than war.

"I believe in national and international peace," he said, "but I stand for it only as the handmaiden of justice. Do not be misled by the appeals of men who want peace. You men recall that in the days of '61 there were cries of peace but there was no peace. There was a man who said that war was the greatest of all evils, but I believe that unrighteous peace is a greater evil. You are not to be led by the false apostles of peace; you who defied the lie told in '61 when that lie was told in the name of peace."

Busy.

You might think to see me lately I've been doing funny things; First a-diggin' up a garden.

Then a-fastenin' some strings And a-plantin' mornin' glories.

"Gittin' ready for the show; go to, but you needn't think it funny. For the garden wasn't ours."

An' I planted some nasturtiums For a border—in a row—

An' I've got some pansies started In a box inside—an' so

We'll have them to set out later, An' have lots of other flowers—

If we just have decent weather; But the garden isn't ours.

An' I've took an' trimmed the roses Every one, an' trimmed 'em good; They're the first I ever tended

An' I didn't know I could Till she ast me; then I told her

For to tell her ma, "You bet!" Wish you'd seen the smile she gave me—

I feel tingley for it yet!

Ma wants me to fix our garden Ready for the vines to climb.

I declare! It's always somethin' She might know I ain't got time, There's some lilac bushes comin'—

It'll be a week before I can get the garden finished

For the girl that lives next door.—Chicago News.

Honest Advice to Consumptives

Somewhere there exists a vast amount of skepticism as to the possibility of curing Consumptives. . . .

... If ourselves afflicted with Tuberculosis, we should do precisely what we ask others to do—take Eckman's Alternative promptly and faithfully. . . .

The reason we should do this, and warrant we have for asking all Consumptives to take it, is that we have the reports of many who have fully recovered. . . .

... 419 Susquehanna Ave., Phila., Pa. Gentlemen: "For two years I was afflicted with hemorrhages of the lungs, the number totaled nearly one hundred. Our family physician advised another climate, as to remain would probably be fatal; however, I remained, and in February of 1902, I was taken with a severe attack of pneumonia. When I recovered sufficiently to walk about the house I was left with a frightful hacking cough, which no medicine I had taken could alleviate. I was again advised to go to another part of the country. It was at this time, March, 1902, that I learned of Eckman's Alternative. In a short time my cough was gone and I was pronounced 'well' or 'cured.' Since that time I have had two slight attacks of pneumonia and I have resorted to no other medicine to effect a cure.

I am at present in excellent health and feel that as long as I can obtain Eckman's Alternative, I have no fear of Consumption. I cannot speak too highly for the good it has done.

(Signed) HOWARD L. KLOTZ, Eckman's Alternative cures Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung Affections. Ask for booklet of cured cases and write to the Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa. For advertising solicitation, For Sale by all leading druggists and Burt B. Wells, Barre, Vt.

## TOBACCO TRUST MUST DISSOLVE

Lower Court to Direct Legal Rearrangement

OF COMPANIES INVOLVED

Harlan Again Dissents—But Chief Justice Says "We Took Nothing Out of This Statute by the Rule of Reason."

Washington, May 31.—With the decision of the United States supreme court ordering the dissolution of the American Tobacco company it is now, according to the higher court's decree, up to the circuit court of appeals for the southern district of New York "to hear the parties, by evidence or otherwise, as it may be deemed proper, for the purpose of ascertaining and determining upon some plan or method of dissolving the combination and of recreating out of the elements now composing it a new condition which shall be honestly in harmony with and not repugnant to the law."

Attorney General Wickersham and the government officers who conducted the case against the tobacco company express great pleasure over the decision.

"It is scarcely to be conceived," said Mr. Wickersham, when he learned of the ruling, "that any more comprehensive and effective application of the statute to this vast combination could possibly have been decreed."

The tobacco trust is to have six months in which to comply with the law, and in the meanwhile it is enjoined from taking any further steps to enlarge its powers or committing any further actions that are unlawful. The time for compliance with the order may be extended by not more than sixty days if the lower court deems it necessary.

One of the features of the decision is that it makes possible a criminal action against twenty-nine individuals named in the government's original bill of complaint. The defendants named include: James B. Duke, Caleb C. Dula, Percival S. Hill, George Arents, Paul Brown, Oliver H. Payne, Thomas F. Ryan, William H. McAllister, Anthony N. Brady, Benjamin N. Duke, H. M. Hanna, Herbert D. Kingsbury, Pierce Lorillard, Rufus L. Patterson, Grant D. Schley and Williamson W. Fuller.

The decision was unanimous except for the dissent of Justice Harlan, who said that he was compelled to withhold his assent although he agreed with the court's holding that the American Tobacco company and its subsidiary incorporation, including the English corporation, were co-operators in a combination that was illegal under the anti-trust act.

The more the officials of the department of justice study the decision, the better satisfied they are with it. The thing about the decision that more than any other gives them acute satisfaction is the recognition of the principle that, if necessary, a receiver may be appointed to take charge of the entire combination and make a sale of its assets for the purpose of giving force and effect to the supreme court decision and carrying into being the actual purposes of the Sherman law to maintain competitive conditions.

Not alone is this the first time the supreme court has recognized the soundness of this doctrine in connection with enforcement of the Sherman law, but it is felt by the department of justice that it opens a wide road for the effective administration of that statute. When the department first advanced the proposition in the beginning of the attack on the tobacco trust it was widely scoffed at.

BRYAN TROUBLES PARTY IN HOUSE

Said to Have Urged Some Democrats to Bolt Caucus in Favor of Free Wool.

Washington, May 31.—Trouble, multiplied by more trouble, is visiting the Democrats at the capitol. It is coming down on the House and Senate Democrats with equal liberality, though in different form.

In the House there is a bitter war over the interference of William J. Bryan in the matter of the wool schedule. Bryan has not only written to Champ Clark, airing his free wool views, but he has gone so far as to advise his friends to fight to a finish in the Democratic caucus Thursday for free wool.

While it has long been known that Bryan is for free wool, the thing that has stirred up bitterest feeling is his effort to carry the row into the caucus. It is even talked that he has advised some of his friends to bolt the caucus. This has made the leaders, who are doing their level best for harmony, hopping mad. Even Champ Clark, good Bryan man that he is, is wrathful at Bryan for interfering.

There will be no further session of the House until Friday, following the Democratic caucus on the wool tariff bill framed by the Democratic members of the ways and means committee.

Democratic representatives have been making fruitless efforts to obtain copies of the revised wool schedule, and many of them are somewhat perturbed because the committee guards its work so secretly. Those most desirous for the schedules favor free wool, and have been given to understand that the new bill provides for a revenue tax on that product. They will be heard from in the caucus, but Chairman Underwood is convinced that a majority of the Democrats will support the bill.

This situation, coupled with the breaking out of the row between the Bailey and anti-Bailey forces in the Senate over the Lorimer case and the new complication whereby Martin and Bailey have clashed, makes the Democratic family anything but happy.

## WHEN ABNER GOT MAD

By M. QUAD

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Miss Eunice Glasser was a "sorter" old maid, but it was not her fault. Abner Jackson, who was a "sorter" old bachelor, had been courting her for five years without actually popping the question. She lived with her widowed mother in the village, and he worked a little farm just outside.

Abner wasn't lazy. He was just a good natured poke of a man. He was going to get married some day, but there was no hurry about it. He always talked as if he intended to marry Eunice, but he didn't come down to details. He didn't ask her to name the day and arrange the bridal tour. Eunice liked Abner and bore with him, but she was getting rather tired of it when her Aunt Hannah came on a visit. Aunt Hannah saw Abner two or three times, understood his nature and then said to her niece:

"Look here, you've got a poke of a man hanging around after you, and it may be ten years more before he'll say anything about marriage. Are you going to put up with it or do something?"

"Why, auntie, what can I do?"

"Get mad at him and make him think he's going to lose you."

"He only laughs when I get mad."

"Then set in and criticize his feet, his nose, his eyebrows. Tell him that he's the homeliest man you ever saw."

"I don't think he'd mind it at all."

"Didn't you ever see him show any temper?"

"Not a bit. He was run over by a drove of hogs once and got up laughing. No, you can't make Abner mad. He's a poke, but an awfully good man."

"And are you going to keep right on for the next fifty years, are you?"

One afternoon three or four days later a vinegar barrel with one head out was left at the house by the grocer to be used as a rain barrel. The house stood on quite a hill, and there was a sharp slope down to the village street. About the hour Abner usually appeared Eunice was sent on an errand to the other side of the village, and when the "poke" arrived Aunt Hannah was the one to greet him. She took him to the corner of the house where the barrel stood and promptly began:

"See here, Mr. Jackson, you've been dawdling around here for years. What are you after?"

"Why—why?"—he stammered as he leaned up against the house and could say no more.

"Oh, you can't tell! I knew you couldn't. You've come here almost every night in the week for months and years and squatted yourself down, and what for? Your talk can't interest anybody. The sight of you isn't inspiring. If I was Eunice I'd just as soon have a wooden man around. And yet you come and squat and squat. I ask you, sir, what you mean by such conduct?"

"I—I guess I'll go home," answered Abner, who was too astonished to see straight.

"And I guess you won't," said Aunt Hannah, "at least not until you have explained yourself. I've been looking at you. If I had a cow as homely as you are I'd knock her in the head with the ax. Hump shouldered, bowlegged and feet like an elephant, and yet you come here and squat around and take up a girl's time! Why, man, what can you think of yourself?"

"I'll never come again!" exclaimed Abner in a changed voice.

"That's good. That's what I wanted to hear you say. Go and squat somewhere else. Go and find the homeliest girl in the country to match you. The first time I saw you I knew you was a poke of a man and you hadn't grit enough to push a toad off its nest."

"Woman, be careful! If you aggravate me too much!"

"Aggravate an old poke! Why, man, it would take you three years to get mad, even if you started in tonight."

The next thing she knew she was being lifted off her feet in Abner's strong arms and deposited in the handy barrel. Before she could yell twice the barrel was whirled on its side and given a kick to start it down the slope. It took an erratic course. It ran to the right a few feet and then slid to the left. It stopped for a moment at a roseberry bush and then dodged and jumped clear over a crabapple tree. There were yelling and screaming from the inmates of the barrel, but Abner stood and watched the circus and shouted back:

"I'm a poke, am I? I'm a squatter, am I? I've got bowlegs and humped shoulders and feet like an elephant! Got down your side, roll on!"

And the barrel rolled, and Aunt Hannah rolled, and neither of them stopped rolling till the barrel crashed through the fence and brought up against a shade tree in the street. No one was killed. No bones were broken. Aunt Hannah crept out and up to the house and was just finished with the last of the arnica when Miss Eunice came rushing in with radiant face to exclaim:

"I was coming back home—and I met Abner—and he was swearing—and he grabbed me by the arm—and he said he'd break my neck if I didn't go right to the preacher's and be married—and—and—"

"And you went?"

"Yes, and we were married. I had to be. Abner ain't a poke any more, but the awfulest, determinedest man you ever heard of. Why, auntie, he told me to tell you that you could go to thunder and be burned to you!"

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